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A Cartoon by Boardman Robinson

The Nation

Vol. CXXV, No. 3244

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1927

The Real American Legion

by *Sylvanus Cook*

In a Boston
Insane Asylum

by *Powers Hapgood*

Sacco-Vanzetti—
Next Steps

an Editorial

BOOKS

H. G. Wells's "Meanwhile"—reviewed by *Johan Smertenko*

The British and American Tariff—a review by *William MacDonald*


"Science, the False Messiah"—reviewed by *Irwin Edman*

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXV

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THE NATION TAKES PLEASURE in announcing the appointment to its staff of Heywood Broun as contributing editor. He will write for every issue a page entitled "It Seems to Heywood Broun." In appointing him *The Nation* has assured to Mr. Broun complete freedom of utterance whether his opinions do or do not agree with those of its editorial pages. His first article will appear in an early issue.

NOW THAT THE POLITICIANS have decided that "I do not choose" means I will not, everybody is trying to find out upon whom the robes of royalty will fall. There are wiseacres who insist that months ago the President picked Charles E. Hughes and that Wall Street, more than satisfied with the choice, is not disturbed by the fact that Mr. Hughes is sixty-five years old. There is another school that is for Mr. Hoover, and there is no doubt that Mr. Hoover emphatically belongs to this group. The Presidential bee has never ceased to buzz in his bonnet; he has been watching for a favorable break for eight years, and he will continue to do so as long as there is any chance at all. But there is strong political opposition to him, which is at least partly to his credit, and it is an open secret that interests hostile to him have recently had agents in China investigating Mr. Hoover's early career. We do not believe that anything very damaging to him will be dug up in China, but we do know that there will not be much enthusi-

asm in the Cabinet for Mr. Hoover. At one time it was reported that no less than six of his colleagues had complained to the President that Mr. Hoover was trying to run their departments besides his own, and it must not be forgotten how emphatically Mr. Coolidge himself denied the report that Mr. Hoover might become Secretary of State. When Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge met recently at Rapid City the newspaper correspondents were amazed at the deliberate coolness shown by the President. It will take a genuine public demand, such as we cannot feel will be forthcoming, to put Mr. Hoover across with the gentlemen who will manipulate the Republican Convention.

SECRETARY KELLOGG has officially placed the blame for the failure of Panama to ratify the new treaty between the United States and that country. To our intense surprise it seems that it was western Europe and not Russia that kept the Panama Congress from approving this treaty "of alliance and friendship" under which Panama would automatically have to go to war whenever the United States became involved in hostilities. We were willing to bet our best hat that when Mr. Kellogg's explanation appeared it would prove the Bolsheviks guilty. It was a good bet because, so far as we can recall, this is the only time that Moscow has not been accused of blocking the Secretary's plans when they went awry. But it was the European press this time which was so unkind as to point out that the proposed treaty robbed Panama of the last vestige of her independence and was in conflict with Article 12 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Mr. Kellogg knows better and does not hesitate to say so, but the Panamanians have clearly shown their intellectual inferiority by refusing to take the Secretary's word for it and by declining to start fresh negotiations in spite of strong hints that it would be wise for them to do so. Let them take warning by Haiti. There the marines adjourned the parliament by force when it refused to do General Smedley Butler's bidding. And as we created the Republic of Panama by a revolution cooked up in the State Department, it would, of course, be easy to start another. Meanwhile, we have an easier suggestion for Mr. Kellogg. His chief, President Coolidge, last spring ordered the American press to cease from criticism of his foreign policy. Let him now go a step further and notify the European press that it is forbidden to speak other than favorably of anything Mr. Kellogg does in the Caribbean under penalty of being adjudged guilty of violating the Monroe Doctrine.

IT IS A FAR CRY from the days of 1914 when England reached out a hand over Turkey's head and drew Egypt into the "protection" of the British fist. Egypt protested then, and continued to protest at regular intervals until the day the British Protectorate was abandoned, beginning with a formal list of proposals presented two days after the signing of the armistice in 1918. And in every one of these periodical jerks against the British rein, Zaghlul Pasha, once Egyptian Prime Minister, was the guiding spirit. Now Zaghlul is dead and his death leaves a gap

that will not be easily filled. King Fuad is a figure-head; Zaghlul was not only the leader of his party, the first and fiercest champion of Egyptian independence, but the acknowledged strong man of the country as a whole. His resignation as Premier came after the intemperate demands of Great Britain made on Egypt when Sir Lee Stack was assassinated. But if he was not in office, Zaghlul was in power. His nephew, now Minister of Agriculture, is thought to be a possible choice for leader of the Wafd Party, but it is not likely that he will measure up to his uncle. It is by no means impossible that the Wafd will disappear as it is now constituted, and Egypt's nationalists arise later in some other form.

THE LONG ARM OF MUSSOLINI reaches across oceans and around the corners of mountains; if you are sitting on the top of Mt. Everest, comfortably libelling the Fascist Government and all its works, beware! If you are engaged while secluded in the recesses of India, your mother country, in manufacturing a bomb to blow up your brother-in-law, who happens to be an Italian—but all this is confused and doubtless hypothetical. The point is that Mussolini has drafted a new code of laws, among the extraordinary provisions of which is the following (*italics ours*):

Article 6. Any citizen or *foreigner* who commits on *foreign territory* one of the following lists of crimes is punishable according to the Italian law: First, crimes against the personality of the state; second, crime in counterfeiting the seal of the state; third, the falsification of money legally used in the territory of the state or any stamp of Italian public credit; fourth, crimes committed with explosives or materials which produce blindness or asphyxiating gases against Italian citizens; fifth, crimes against individual Italian persons; . . . eighth, *every other crime committed on foreign territory by a citizen or a foreigner* wherefore special dispositions of the law or international convention have been established in applicability of the Italian penal law.

Penalties for these offenses range from confiscation of all property and imprisonment for one year to life imprisonment and death. How the Fascist Government proposes to enforce these drastic provisions remains to be seen; it would seem that a more than human eye might be required, a longer than human arm, a super-human wisdom and strength. More than once words have been uttered by Italy's premier which indicated that he possessed something of the sort. This is to be the acid test.

THE CRUSADE in the South against mob floggings continues, a court in Georgia having just sentenced Raymond Lee to three to five years in prison for taking part in the beating of H. M. Flanders, editor of the *Soperton News*. Lee has moved for a new trial and is at liberty under a \$3,000 bond. Meanwhile the Ku Klux Klan, whose members are believed to be the instigators of most of this lawlessness, is trying to strike back. In Alabama, where as noted in our issue of August 24 (page 173) a few courageous newspapers have been spurring public officials to prosecute floggers, an attempt is on foot to stifle criticism. The judicial committee of the House has reported favorably a bill which gives any city or incorporated town, any county, or the State itself, the power to prosecute any newspaper in which "libelous matter" is published against such locality. The newspaper may be prosecuted in any county in the

State in which it circulates and it may be fined up to \$25,000 or condemned to pay damages by a jury, the amount of which no other court "shall have any authority to mitigate or reduce." The proposed law is made retroactive for a period of one year. The bill failed to come to a vote in the session of the legislature which has just adjourned, but it is thought that it will be pressed at the next opportunity if the bitterness between the Klan and its opponents continues.

SOMETHING OF THE CHARACTER of the fight and the conditions which form its background is evident from the report of a special grand jury just made in Wedo-wee, Randolph County:

The grand jury has diligently, deeply and earnestly investigated the alleged kidnapping and flogging of citizens of this county. The investigation reveals most intolerable conditions. Evidence developed disclosed that seventeen persons have been whipped.

In each case the victims of these criminal activities have been whipped in the late hours of the night by organized mobs of men wearing white robes and white masks over their faces, who travelled in automobiles with tags covered. Most of them were lashed on the naked skin with instruments of torture that in some cases left wounds, scars and bruises that the victims will apparently carry through life.

It is the unanimous conclusion of the grand jury that the kidnapping and lashing of these victims has been done by lawless members of an organization known and called Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, who have bound themselves to secrecy with reference thereto.

The grand jury recommended that the legislature pass laws against the wearing of masks and the concealment of automobile license tags on the public highways.

NOT ONLY IN BOSTON but elsewhere, with less excuse, law and decency were trampled upon in the hysteria preceding the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. According to a United Press dispatch, Mrs. Lenora H. Jones, a fifty-nine-year-old Quaker, lost her job as a tourist guide in the Capitol at Washington because she was so agitated over what she conceived to be the injustice of the proceeding that she couldn't keep still about it. "She has been indefinitely suspended," said J. J. McGrain, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, "because she talked too much. We did not think she should be filling tourists with Sacco-Vanzetti talk while we have to place extra guards on the Capitol to prevent radical demonstration." Mrs. Jones said:

I do not know Sacco and Vanzetti, but all my life I have worked in the interests of peace. I saw in the execution of these men a great possible harm to the United States because of the belief that these men are not guilty. I want to prevent the international hate which carrying out of this sentence would create. If my little life could prevent the harm that might come from such a wave of hatred I would gladly go to the electric chair in the place of Sacco and Vanzetti.

IN NEW YORK CITY Magistrate Ewald sent to the workhouse for sixty days a man who was arrested while distributing Sacco-Vanzetti circulars in front of the court building. According to press accounts the magistrate said:

There is too much of this going on in New York. There is no room for you Reds here. The time is here when the laws must be obeyed, and I'm going to do my part

to see that they are. I am only sorry that I cannot give you more time, but I understand the workhouse is congested.

It is no crime in New York to be a Red—whatever that is. There is a city ordinance—intended to prevent litter—against distributing circulars in the street, but it is never enforced unless as a subterfuge for some other reason. In another court Magistrate Simpson fined a man \$5 for displaying signs from his automobile expressive of sympathy with Sacco and Vanzetti and thus, it was alleged, obstructing traffic. There may have been some unreported circumstances in these cases justifying the action taken, but as recorded in the press both magistrates seem to have resorted to laws designed for another purpose in order to suppress legitimate personal expression, thus holding up the courts before the public not to honor but to contempt.

WHEN THE HISTORY of public sentiment in regard to Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts is written much will have to be attributed to the poltroonery of the Boston newspapers, with the booby prize going to the *Herald*. For a time that journal made a forthright demand for a retrial of the case, and the writer of a plea for such a course was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best editorial of last year. But pressure from Big Business and Back Bay led to a face-about, and the depth of pusillanimity was attained in an editorial after the execution entitled "Back to Normalcy":

The asperities which have attended the Sacco-Vanzetti case in its long and tedious journey through the courts are greatly to be regretted, and should be forgotten as promptly as possible. Let us get back to business and to the ordinary concerns of life, in the confident belief that the agencies of law have performed their duties with fairness as well as justice. We hope that the large number of our readers whose letters we have been unable to print—letters that we now find it too late to print—will recognize that what we have printed have been representative of the two sides of the case, and so have been as liberal to one view as to the other.

It has been a famous case. It has attracted the attention of the world to an extent quite without recent precedent. It has presented phases which no serious student of our public affairs could fail to regret. But the time for all such discussion is over. The chapter is closed. The die is cast. The arrow has flown. Now let us go forward to the duties and responsibilities of the common day with a renewed determination to maintain our present system of government and *our existing social order*.

The italics in which the last four words are printed are ours.

TO ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS of Boston, and her noble associates in the fight to save Sacco and Vanzetti go our deepest sympathy and our profound admiration. We do not know of anything finer than their gallant fight against public opinion on behalf of these two despised foreign anarchists. No sacrifice has been too great for Mrs. Evans to make, and to the end she kept her spirit serene. That the world today must seem to her a very dark and hopeless place there can be little doubt. But she and those who fought with her must console themselves with the knowledge that they have the gratitude of all the people of generous and humanitarian minds who are determined to fight for justice in America no matter how often defeated. She and her co-workers were the ones who stood for the

good name of Massachusetts and her judiciary, and their gallantry and self-sacrifice will be held in grateful memory as long as those who fought with them survive. We must also commemorate the superb services of Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard, who threw himself into the fight for Sacco and Vanzetti without a thought as to the cost, and without seeking the slightest recompense. Yet the old lie that he has been a paid attorney came right out of the State House during the last few days of the fight. The Governor knows better; at least the facts were put in his hands months ago. But the lie is still current. Mr. Frankfurter was not asked by the Governor or Mr. Lowell for his facts or his opinions, and he has been the target of the bitterest abuse. That this is what historically happens to a Harvard professor who espouses an unpopular cause is witnessed by the case of Professor Charles Follen, who lost his professorship because of his espousal of the abolition of Negro slavery—and the name of Wendell Phillips, the greatest orator of his day, appears on the list of Harvard graduates without a distinction from his recreant Alma Mater. Yet it is the Frankfurters and Follens that keep the best that is in Harvard alive.

WHEN ANNA WAS FIVE months old her mother gave her away to John Odams, colored. Anna, twelve now, has lived with the Odams family ever since. The other day, in Milwaukee, where she lives, the police picked her up while she was following a carnival company along the street. Then it was discovered that Anna was—white! In her short life Anna has learned to despise white people. She says they're mean. "I'm a colored girl," she insisted, "and I'll always be a colored girl." Her colored foster father wants to keep her and she wants to stay. But the city officials, realizing at once their great and solemn duty, performed it. Promptly and courageously they removed this dangerous menace to the color line—removed her to the Home for Dependent Children "pending investigation of the *ability* of the Odams family to care for her." (They have supported her for twelve years.) It is confidently expected that within a year, with the proper training, Anna will become a normal, healthy white girl, with all the normal, healthy prejudices that are her inalienable birthright.

JOHAN ST. LOE STRACHEY was a fine type of the conservative British editor, the exact opposite in his views of the world from the lamented H. W. Massingham who for so long made the London *Nation* one of the greatest liberal publications. Mr. Strachey, whose death has just been reported, kept the London *Spectator* to a very high standard both in its book reviews and its editorials; in consequence it achieved the largest following of any British journal of its type. One thing ought always to be remembered about Mr. Strachey besides his learning and geniality; he was a warm and devoted friend of the United States and labored unceasingly for that friendship between the two countries which has just been put in jeopardy by stupid admirals at the disarmament parley at Geneva. Since Mr. Strachey retired several years ago from the active direction of the *Spectator* his death will not affect that historic paper. It is striking evidence, however, of the passing of that England for which Strachey labored all his life that a gifted daughter and son of this conservative imperialist editor are Socialists playing an earnest part in the development of the British Labor Party.

Sacco-Vanzetti—Next Steps

WE are glad to record that a new Sacco-Vanzetti committee on a national basis is in process of organization to clear up the record in the case and deal fittingly with the memory of the two men whose guilt many believe was not established beyond the reasonable doubt which, according to the law, required an acquittal. To establish the innocence of these men may be an impossible undertaking, but it is worth devoted and long-continued effort.

In the meanwhile it is not impossible to clarify and set forth the record, and that is one of the immediate tasks before the new Sacco-Vanzetti organization. A detailed and scientific analysis of the Lowell report ought to be made by men whose names will carry weight. It was this report which swung the scales against the prisoners, and there is a great deal about it which remains provocative and unexplained both in the text and in the manner in which the inquiry was conducted. The Governor and his advisors did not content themselves with examining the court records in the case, as most persons supposed they would do. They reexamined the original witnesses and called new ones without the safeguards of legal procedure. The new witnesses apparently were an influence in leading to the committee's decision, and yet it held that this fresh testimony was not of enough importance to warrant another trial. It is an open secret that there are a number of federal judges who question the whole procedure. The custom of their profession made it impossible for them to speak out before the execution; it would be an honor to their calling if they would now join in an impartial study of the facts.

How did it happen, we should like to ask here, that although President Lowell was named first in the appointment of the committee, and was therefore assumed to be its chairman—how did it happen that Robert Grant was the first signer of the report and so presumably the man who drafted it? Mr. Grant was one member of the committee who from the outset was recognized as reactionary in his political and industrial views.

So far as the files of the Department of Justice are concerned, we believe there is not one chance in a thousand that they contain anything which establishes the innocence of Sacco or Vanzetti. Probably, though, they contain considerable extra evidence in regard to the terroristic methods of Mr. Palmer's "red raids" of 1920-1921, certain major aspects of which were halted by the federal courts at the time as illegal, while the whole proceeding was investigated later by a committee of nationally distinguished lawyers and condemned in the strongest language. That the "red raids," as well as numerous bandit activities in Massachusetts in 1920-1921, established a sentiment of fear and hate in the community which must have been prejudicial—however unconsciously—to Sacco and Vanzetti is too obvious to disinterested persons to require emphasis. In their declaration to the contrary Governor Fuller and the Lowell committee have merely confessed themselves to be still in the grip of that prejudice. From the standpoint of the nation at large, even more than from that of the reputations of Sacco and Vanzetti, we think the material in the archives of the Department of Justice ought to be made the subject of a Congressional investigation.

Beyond these things a record of the case from the point

of view of the protestants should carefully be made. This should include a study of the psychology of the State of Massachusetts. That State thought it necessary to arrest and inquire into the sanity of Powers Hapgood (as he describes on another page). Perhaps it is time now that somebody inquired into the sanity of Massachusetts. Especially important is the attitude and influence of the Boston newspapers. Since the prostitution of the Pittsburgh press during the coal strike of 1919 we do not recall any episode in recent times so dishonoring to journalism. The action of the Boston *Herald* (set forth in an editorial paragraph on the preceding page) was especially discreditable. In contrast we are glad to point to the tolerant and intelligent attitude of the best newspapers of New York City along with such journals as the Pittsburgh *Press*, the Waterbury (Connecticut) *Republican* and *American*, the Springfield *Republican*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Milwaukee *Leader*, and the Baltimore *Sun*. There ought to be an investigation also of the tip given from the State House in Boston early in August that the Governor would not send Sacco and Vanzetti to the chair, in regard to which the testimony of the staff correspondents in Boston at the time of the New York *Times*, New York *Herald Tribune*, and New York *World* would be valuable.

The suppression in Boston of constitutional guarantees in regard to the right of individual persons to carry placards in the streets ought to be taken, if need be, to the highest courts.

Nor must the more personal side be forgotten. There should be adequate provision for the support of Mrs. Sacco and the education of the children, while another fund might be raised for some fitting memorial to the two dead Italians. It is to be hoped that this will take some unique and creative form—possibly a scholarship or prize in a labor college. (Or the endowment of a chair of equity in Harvard University.) One contribution toward keeping alive the memories and worth of the two men occurs to us at once. We would suggest the publication of a selection of the letters and speeches of Vanzetti and Sacco. In no other way can the character and courage of the men be so well preserved for posterity. This volume ought to be a pamphlet, or at least be accompanied by a paper edition in order that wide distribution be obtained by means of a low price. Possibly also a pamphlet might be compiled of articles and editorials on the case since its beginning.

Finally, we would direct attention to two lines of constructive effort of a sort that would better be undertaken under wider auspices than that of any Sacco-Vanzetti organization. The first is a movement for the reform of the Massachusetts judicial procedure, bringing it in line with that of New York and other States, so that the judge at the original trial may not remain as the sole arbiter of whether that proceeding was a fair one from the standpoint of the defendants. Such a reform would best be initiated, we think, by the bar of Massachusetts. Another impressive opportunity for constructive effort lies in a general campaign for the abolition of capital punishment, the barbarism and unreason of which the Sacco-Vanzetti case has strongly emphasized. To this we shall return at greater length in a forthcoming issue.

Mr. Gary and His Times

THOSE dailies who make a practice of worshipping the rich and prosperous have been, it strikes us, a bit labored in their eulogies of the late Elbert H. Gary. They stressed, of course, his rise from a poor boy to the head of our greatest trust; it is the usual heroic picture which is held up to us all as final proof that every American child carries in his knapsack the baton of a field marshal of industry—to what higher place in life could one aspire? They have dwelt upon his unfailing optimism, his ability to preserve the peace in the iron and steel industry, and, above all, his ability to keep public and political opinion friendly to his great corporation. But when they have termed him a statesman—Mark Sullivan declares Mr. Gary “deserved more than any other man of his generation to be called a leader in economic statesmanship”—they are quite unable to cite any acts or any teachings which warrant the bestowal of such a title.

It is quite true that he poured oil on the troubled business waters of our country during and after the first years of the present century. It is correct that he claimed to pay higher wages than some union scales. It is also true that he refused to blot out all his business competitors as he could have done and that he modestly contented himself with less than 60 per cent of the industry. It is also unquestionably true that he could have gouged the public by charging more for his products than he did. But one may still be allowed to ask whether such self-restraint as the last two assertions indicate was really statesmanship or merely the result of a deliberate intention not to come into conflict with the government and invite further public hostility.

As for Mr. Gary's kindly treatment of labor, in defense of which that amazing writer, Ida Tarbell, is once more cited in his behalf, why, he fought unions to the last, fomented those hermaphrodite affairs, company unions, where he could, and beneficently bestowed bread and circuses in the shape of welfare work, the right to buy stock, hospitals, etc., etc. But Mr. Sullivan, like the other adulators, fails to recall how long our greatest economic statesman persisted in the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week and how often he is on record as declaring that the trust could not survive without them. It was public opinion, unceasing press attacks, and, finally, a direct onslaught by the conscience of the churches which compelled him to change his opinion. Perhaps that is his surest claim to statesmanship—he yielded to the larger battalions, like most political statesmen, even after he had conquered the bitter strike of his ungrateful laborers in 1919 when they tried their best to achieve a position where they could have some say as to their labor, their hours, and their wages. It is well, indeed, to throw the curtain of forgetfulness over these things and then to cite Miss Tarbell's rare conviction that Mr. Gary “introduced a new code of business ethics . . . he was a very good friend of labor. He kept wages high. He instituted one of the best plans for employee ownership that there is in the country. The United States Steel Corporation built good industrial villages.” Why disturb those who do not know that there is such a thing as democracy in industry, or that industrial paternalism is not a virtue but a survival?

It is much, much better to fall back on the different

status of the steel corporation before the public. But here we are confronted by the fact that the change in its position is no different from that of all others, no more remarkable than that of the Standard Oil, for example. The muck-raking period has passed—not because of the wonderful powers of exorcism of Mr. Gary but because of political and economic changes in considerable measure due to the World War. That was a life-saver for the trusts, and we are quite willing to admit that Mr. Gary and other statesmen of industry realized its possibilities. They were no more pleased with Woodrow Wilson, author of “The New Freedom,” in the Presidency, who refused to receive Mr. Gary or any other business chief in the White House and demanded that there be a new revolution in America, than they had been with Mr. Roosevelt. But the war came and went, absorbed and then smashed Mr. Wilson, and all interest in the crusade against big business vanished—big business itself was then in the saddle. Since then it has chosen two Presidents and elected them. Aided by unprecedented prosperity it has drugged the public and by means of stock-selling in small quantities in all sections, after the manner of the sale of the Liberty Bonds, has rallied to its banner thousands upon thousands who now look upon the trusts not as muletors or cheats or enemies but as sources of profit.

Mr. Gary profited by his times; he did not mould them, though he made his contribution to their fashioning. But he is bold, indeed, who credits him with a powerful intellect, or great vision, or true economic leadership. We grant that he represented in these latter days the spirit of the hour, precisely as does Mr. Coolidge in the White House. But we deny, in spite of Mr. Sullivan and the big-business press, that the present attitude of the public toward the trusts, and their complete domination of us and our economic and political life, represents an advance for the United States.

William Blake, 1827-1927

ONE of Blake's friends and disciples recorded how, long after the death of his master, he remembered him at an exhibition in the Royal Academy—“Blake in his plain black suit and rather broad-brimmed, but not Quakerish, hat, standing so quietly among all the dressed-up, rustling, swelling people, and myself thinking: ‘How little do you know who is among you.’” There is less excuse, now that a hundred years have passed since the great poet and painter died in comparative obscurity, for failing to know who is among us. He always had his admirers; his last years were spent in a house which worshippers called the House of the Interpreter; and the nineteenth century was not without scholars capable of rendering a fair account of the man. But the past thirty years in particular have witnessed a zeal in expounding him and a passion in praising him which might have amazed Blake himself, and which certainly leave it settled that he is a very famous artist whom anyone willing to make the effort may know about. The work of Ellis and Yeats, Sloss and Wallis, Geoffrey Keynes, John Sampson, Darrell Figgis, Laurence Binyon, Paul Berger, and Foster Damon is almost without parallel in the literature of its kind. Few authors guilty of words as wild as Blake's have been paid the compliment of a disciplined search through all these words for meaning and cross-meaning.

That Blake is still difficult or impossible to understand is no fault of his interpreters, who from Yeats to Damon have labored lovingly with his symbols in an attempt to make his sentences cohere. The difficulty is in Blake himself, who after thirty fed his imagination wholly upon apocalyptic writing and who, in a desire to achieve one more apocalypse which should outblaze its predecessors, wandered into a symbolism and a nomenclature so strange that only the initiate now can read him with continuous pleasure. The prophetic books are gorgeous and impressive, and lines of a demoniac beauty gleam here and there as one goes through them; but it is doubtful whether any but a member of the cult will ever care very much what states of mind were represented by Beulah, Albion, Tiriel, Myratana, Heuxos, Yuva, Hela, Ijim, Mnetha, Heva, Oothoon, Theotormon, Enitharmon, Los, Orc, and Har—to name only a few of Blake's metaphysical creatures.

He undoubtedly had his own wonderful way of seeing the universe, and one may well believe that there was no simpler way than he found of communicating the vision. One can only regret that the vision grew less and less simple as Blake advanced in years, and that a certain fiery contempt for the commonplace, combined with an imperfect education, prevented him from trusting the language that is spoken by men. He saw God when he was four years old; while still a child he met the prophet Ezekiel under a tree; his father came near whipping him for saying that he had seen a tree filled with angels; and he witnessed a procession of angelic forms among the haymakers one fine summer morning. We like to believe this, and can manage to do so. The trouble with the prophetic books is that we do not know what they are calling upon us to believe.

With so much said for his obscurity, it remains to be said that Blake is one of the precious spirits whom we could not do without. It is doubtful if there was ever an illustrator equal to this illustrator of Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Job, and his own books. His paintings and engravings are among the weird miracles of the earth; and one of the reasons is given by Blake himself in a note on his rendering of Gray's poem "The Bard": "A spirit and a vision are not, as modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapor or a nothing; they are organized and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing eye can produce. He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing and mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all." If his elaborated doctrines are often obscure and wearisome, his instinctive ideas are as bright as the words he finds for them, and valuable beyond the power of criticism to explain. He was romantic, of course, to the core. He hated imitation, discipline, prudence ("a rich, ugly old maid courted by incapacity"), order, and reason. And he was such a Christian as could say: "No virtue can exist without breaking the ten commandments. Jesus was all virtue, and acted from impulse, not from rules." He was the most extravagantly romantic man conceivable; and as such has his value. Finally, the author of "Tiger, Tiger," "A Poison Tree," "The Sick Rose," "Ah! Sunflower," and "Piping down the valleys wild" was a lyric poet of a unique and lovely order.

He who bends to himself a Joy
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

A New Labor Library

A LABOR library of national importance, built along somewhat different lines from the collection at the University of Wisconsin, is being created at the University of Michigan. The nucleus of the collection at the University of Michigan was given by Joseph Labadie, veteran Detroit trade unionist and anarchist. He was the first president of the Michigan Federation of Labor, organized in 1888, and was also the first Detroit organizer of the Knights of Labor. Labadie, a printer by trade, is now seventy-seven years old and no longer works in a printing shop. But he maintains his old contacts with the labor movement and is justifiably proud to have his name given to the labor library at the University of Michigan.

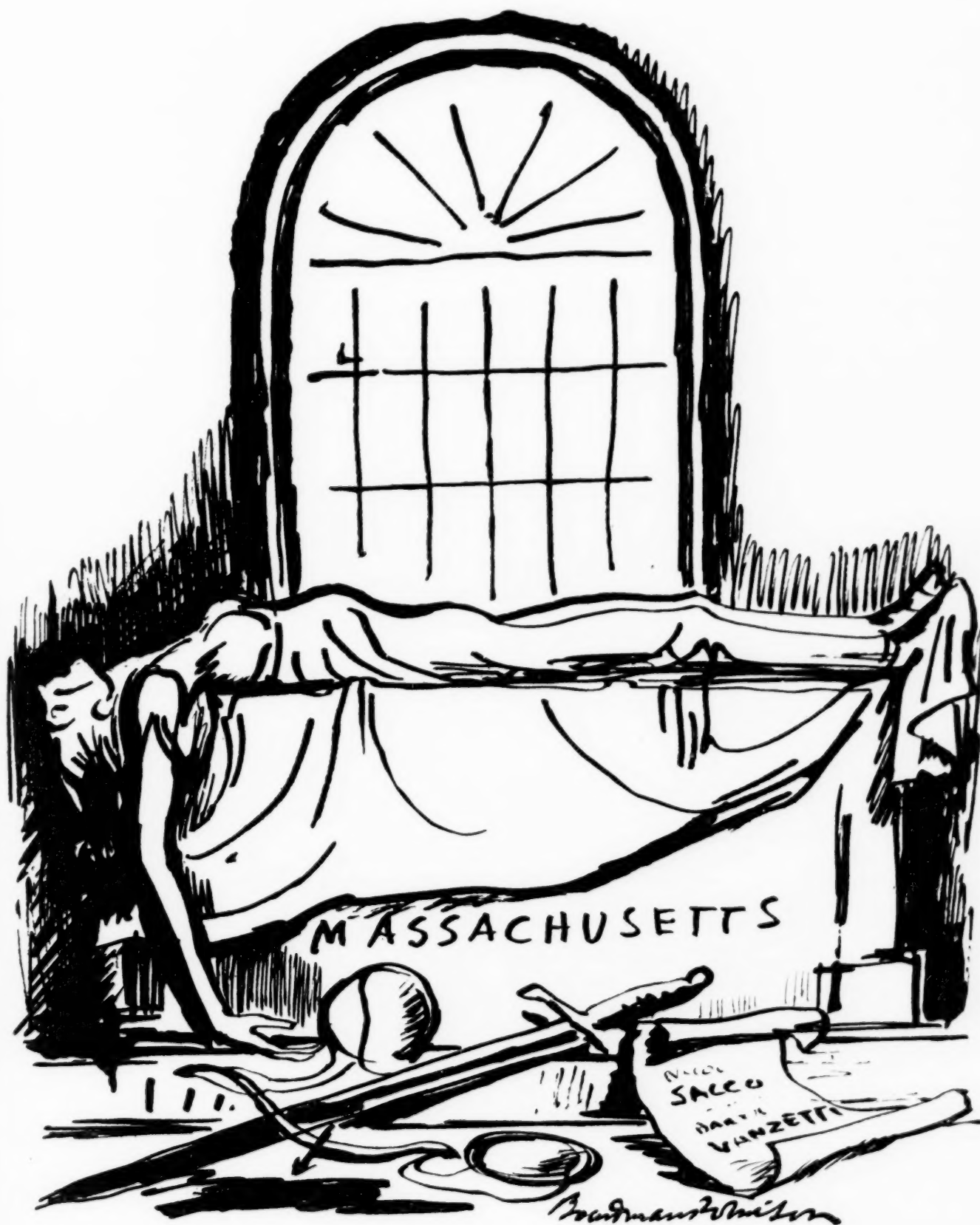
When the university librarian accepted Labadie's collection as a permanent possession of the institution, taking responsibility for its maintenance, it proved a formidable job to move the shelves of pamphlets, newspapers and magazine files, documents bearing on the development of the labor movement locally and nationally, clippings and books. And since that time, through the efforts of Labadie and his friends, bookcases and old trunks in many parts of the country have been ransacked for supplementary material. The collection is particularly strong on the subject of the eight-hour day movement up to the time of the Chicago Haymarket tragedy.

If the labor library at the University of Wisconsin is deficient in material after 1905, the Labadie Collection is not. It contains an abundance of material up to 1921, bearing on the major phases of the labor and liberal movements. It includes, for example, files of *Industrial Solidarity*, the *Detroit Labor News*, and the *Liberator*. A complete file of *The Nation* is in the library. Although the *Detroit Labor News* is intended to serve only the Detroit industrial district, it carries the Federated Press and International Labor News services. The Federated Press service is also carried by *Industrial Solidarity*.

Among the most interesting and valuable of the complete newspaper files in the Labadie Collection is that of the publication known during its strenuous lifetime as *John Swinton's Paper*. It was published in New York during the most militant days of the eight-hour day struggle, up to the Haymarket affair, but it attempted to cover the nation. For example, an item in the issue of April 15, 1886, announces that the *Detroit Free Press* has entered into a contract with the Detroit Typographical Union after being for nineteen years an open shop. "We take great pleasure in announcing that the *Detroit Free Press* is now a union office after having been closed to union printers for nineteen years," the account says. It is signed by the president of the Detroit local and is run under a Detroit date line.

Another account from Michigan tells of conditions in the lumber camps. It is dated Bay City, December 23, 1884. "The mills are all closed," this account says in part. "Firemen and cart drivers are getting \$1 a day for twelve hours. Men are asking to be sent to jail."

As the years pass the Labadie Collection will grow larger and more valuable. The housing of the material at the University of Michigan instead of in a workers' school may be regrettable from certain points of view. But it has equally obvious advantages in the circumstances under which the Labadie Collection has been assembled.



The Real American Legion

By SYLVANUS COOK

EIGHTEEN thousand American veterans are either on French soil or preparing to set foot there to attend the ninth annual national convention of the American Legion. The number falls far short of the 30,000 "pilgrims" whom the optimists of the organization originally anticipated for the trip, but even so a noteworthy group has responded. That part of the American public which is at all interested in the event is divided into two camps, one of which subscribes to the idea that the expedition is a "sacred pilgrimage" while the other nurses the notion that it is more of an extraterritorial spree entered into by an army of hoodlums. As a matter of fact, its true significance probably lies somewhere in between. To characterize it as a spree is to do gross injustice to hundreds of men who have taken the trip in a serious mood; men whose brothers, either in blood or in spirit, went to death in France and perhaps are now buried in its soil. On the other hand, it should not be supposed that there are no hoodlums among those 18,000 Legionnaires. But it should not be forgotten that a half-dozen hoodlums can bring an atmosphere of carousal to a group of decently behaved men who far outnumber them. Therein lies the misfortune of the American Legion. It is an organization of war veterans which requires no other qualifications for membership than an honorable discharge from military service in the period between the entry of the United States into the World War and the armistice; and as such it is inevitably infested by a crowd of roughnecks and spread-eagle patriots who have brought upon it the charges of rowdiness and chauvinism.

Adverse critics of the Legion are given to generalization. Recently, a ridiculous ass in the War Department assumed Legion authority in an attempt to oust from the school system of Washington a teacher who had written a definition of socialism in a magazine contest; a post in Pennsylvania was misled by a stormy idiot in Philadelphia—not a Legionnaire—to bring charges of sedition against several instructors in the State normal school; an ill-advised commander in Illinois engaged in a tirade against Miss Jane Addams, and the result is a wholesale indictment of the entire organization of 700,000 men by the American Civil Liberties Union and various liberal leaders. Let us put the shoe on the other foot for a moment. On August 5, two New York subway stations were bombed. This was only one of several outrages committed within a few days, supposedly by sympathizers of Sacco and Vanzetti. Does the American Civil Liberties Union or any sane liberal leader suggest that these crimes had the sanction of the many thousands of law-abiding citizens who have raised their voices in protest against Massachusetts justice? The cases are exactly parallel.

I enjoy the peculiar privilege of being in the confidence of both Legion and liberal leaders. I do not find any wide divergence of opinion between them. Almost without exception, the national and State officials of the Legion are liberals themselves. There was almost as much indignation in the Legion over the action of General Fries in attacking Professor Flury as there was among the readers of *The Nation*. The General just missed a

public reprimand. Similar comment may be made on the West Chester Normal dispute, the attack of Commander Watkins on Jane Addams, or any of the other occasional displays of nationalistic bigotry and intolerance which are accredited to the Legion.

It is natural to inquire why the temperate element in the Legion permits itself to be advertised by die-hard extremists of the Fries-Watkins type without objecting. The reason is twofold. First, temperateness is seldom controversial. The temperate Legionnaire may feel totally out of sympathy with an act or pronouncement masquerading under Legion authority, but because he is temperate, he will say nothing about it save to his more intimate associates. Second, absurd as it may seem, the Legion as a whole is rather fearful of its swashbuckling minority. This is particularly true of its officers. Of the eleven or twelve men who hold positions of real responsibility at its national headquarters, seven of them at least—the most responsible seven—are advanced liberals in spirit. If they were to speak their minds, they would undoubtedly be branded as dangerous radicals by the superpatriots both in and out of the organization. Therefore they keep still, for the Legion affords them their bread and butter. The remaining four or five officials are either too colorless to classify, or too weak to voice a private opinion, but not one of them is of the superpatriotic type. From top to bottom, however, they cringe before the potential wrath of the superpatriotic minority, for the minority presents a united front while the temperate or liberal majority, which ought to back them, is no support whatsoever.

The thing for the Legion critic to keep in mind when he opens a broadside on the organization, is that the majority—a very large majority—of the Legion itself is virtually as antagonistic to the evils which he denounces as he is himself. His denunciation is not supported from within the Legion because of the fear of those who would like to support it. Their fear coerces them into neutrality. To charge the present staff of national headquarters with sanctioning any suppression of civil liberty is to speak either from misinformation or from a deliberate desire to falsify the facts. The staff has remained almost intact for the last three years, and what changes have been made in it have not changed its complexion. State headquarters are more changeable, but practically all of them are liberal in tendency. Intolerant nationalism is almost invariably a local phenomenon, and a remarkably infrequent phenomenon, too, when one considers the Legion's vast and heterogeneous membership.

It is impossible to do more than broadly indicate the hundreds of diverse useful activities in which a large proportion of the 11,000 Legion posts are engaged. Eleven thousand posts, and in the course of a year perhaps a half-dozen of them fall under unwise counsel! The report of the American Civil Liberties Union for 1926 records that the Legion post in Atlanta, Georgia, succeeded in cancelling a speaking engagement of Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead. The report for 1927 will doubtless record several similar actions. Will it also record that the Legionnaires of

Emporia, Kansas, defended the right of a militant pacifist to speak in their midst? The Emporia incident is not unique, but it gained attention because it was witnessed by a well-known publicist, William Allen White.

The greatest of all the Legion's work has been conducted in behalf of disabled service men. In recent years it has given assistance to more than 35,000 unfortunates. Now it has expanded its work of mercy by establishing a \$5,000,000 fund for orphans of men who gave their lives.

Another great work has been its service in time of disaster. During flood or fire, earthquake or tornado, explosion or mine catastrophe, the emergency units of the Legion have swiftly gone into action. When the Mississippi river broke its levees and laid waste the homes of 300,000 persons, the Legion mobilized immediately to support the Red Cross in its relief work. It sent out rescue crews, built rafts, guarded dikes, organized refugee camps, set up field kitchens. Legionnaires worked day and night in every phase of the Herculean task. The American Red Cross considers the Legion its chief aid in every disaster.

Legion posts have established fire departments, ambulance units, hospitals, public libraries, playgrounds, aviation fields, scores of material things of benefit to their communities. Across the entire expanse of the Southern United States from coast to coast, there is an excellent highway which owes its origin and maintenance to the

Legion. Legion posts have organized municipal concerts, art exhibitions, harvest festivals, a hundred activities to improve community spirit and to add to the joy of living.

President Harding effusively declared that the destiny of America in the next half century was in the Legion's hands, and added that he thought it was in good hands. Thousands of Legionnaires believe that he spoke the truth. Another legend, which is supposed to have come from the same source, is that the honor of being National Commander of the American Legion is second only to that of being President of the United States.

What is the real American Legion? It is an organization of three-quarters of a million men who had some place in the military forces of the United States during the World War. It is made up of every creed, political and religious, of every type of character and mentality, from every social and occupational plane. It is a cross-section of America. In some communities it has been captured by hoodlums and irresponsibles and in those communities it rightfully holds an unsavory reputation. In other communities it enrolls the best of the citizenry. The Legion is not unaware of its rotten spots. It should cut them out. If a split resulted the Legion which continued would profit greatly even though reduced in numbers, and one wonders if it would not quickly repopulate its ranks with a better class of veterans who now hold aloof from it.

Big Business Is Very Happy

By PERCY MUSGRAVE

BIG business is very happy. It says so, and so there can be no doubt about it. If anybody questions it, let him look at the continued boom in the stock market, the unprecedented speculation which is filling the pockets of bankers, brokers, and the general public in a way to alarm even Wall Street itself. Look at General Motors' earnings; see how well on the whole the Steel Corporation has come through this summer, and read how confident Republican politicians are that agricultural prices will go up this fall.

Yes, our prosperity is at high tide and it has not been affected by the choosing of President Coolidge to get out of the White House while the going is good. Prosperity has risen above its—well, not its creator, but its patron saint and safeguarder in the White House, the President, who, like his predecessor, was sworn to take the government out of business, to break up all relationship between business and government—except when and where business was in trouble and needed to unload upon Uncle Sam. Yes, Big Business says it has been very, very happy. And yet as I have been turning over the pages of the daily newspapers and of a financial news service I have been struck by the number of sweet business bells that somehow are jangling out of tune.

Somehow cogs seem to have slipped in this matter of cutting loose the government from business. What does Mr. Coolidge's Government mean, for example, by letting its Department of Justice institute proceedings against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and fifty-one other oil companies, charging them with being a monopoly in restraint of trade? Why is it that Mr. Coolidge didn't call off the Federal Trade Commission before it issued an anti-

trust order directed against Adolph Zukor, Jesse L. Lasky, and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation? Was it playing the game to let them be cited for conspiracy to "monopolize or attempting to monopolize the motion picture industry"? Was it playing the game with Big Business for the Department of Justice to bring action against the potash monopoly and the sisal sales trust, to charge them with violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and to have the Kodak trust punished by the Supreme Court? Was it according to Hoyle for Mr. Coolidge to allow his Secretary of Labor to make a "socialistic" speech charging that the coal industry is "fifty years behind the times," that it is subject to cut-throat competition that "keeps the country in constant suspense and slows up all the other industries we have"?

And what has Secretary Work meant by choosing one of these happy days to make a speech on the oil industry, declaring that it is in a state of chaos, that the competition which we have hitherto believed to be the life of trade is ruining the industry, that there is a grave overproduction, that the Government is willing to do anything about it—to pass new laws or anything else which the industry may want if the industry will only say what it wants? If this isn't mixing up government and Big Business and encouraging those who want government ownership, what could be? And is it helping to say this just when 200,000 men have been out on a strike since April 1 in the soft coal industry, which none the less has produced 4,500,000 tons above the 1926 mark up to July first? Is it tactful to say this when the president of the Standard Oil and the head of the American Petroleum Institute have both been rushing

to Calvin himself to demand that the Government come to the rescue of the chaotic oil industry and control it for the next few years, when other practical oil men have urged a Government czar to do the same thing, when the Seminole Oil Field has been controlled by a czar, R. H. Collins, appointed by the corporations in that field themselves?

Speaking of czars in these happy days, one is struck by the readiness with which our flexible Big Business resorts to this delightful new device—whenever it gets into trouble. Besides the proposed national czar for oil, the great Northwestern railroads have come together and asked for the appointment of a rate czar to demand of the Interstate Commerce Commission a new railway tariff for all their region. This czar business has gone like the craze for overseas flights; it is proposed that there shall be a czar of the building trades and the building industry in New York City and even a czar for the taxi business there.

As for the railroads, in these happy, happy days they are at each other's throats like a pack of wolf-hounds. They are hourly quarreling over the proposed mergers. Every day gives us news about the four-system fight in the East against the five-system, the rows between Loree and the Southwestern railroads, the Commerce Commission's opposition to the proposed New York Central merger with six other lines, the howls from several railroads as to the low valuations of their property as of 1916 by the same Commerce Commission and its attack upon the criminal waste of money through nepotism in the Erie Railroad. Yes, these

are very happy days indeed for the railroads. If you don't believe it, look into the Van Sweringen fight for the Chesapeake and Ohio and the other railroads whose merger the Commerce Commission has so far failed to approve.

Yes, these are happy days for us all, especially the farmers, since the Department of Agriculture has announced that there was a decrease of 20 per cent in their net income for the year ending June 30, which gives them a magnificent average income per farm operator of \$853 in that year. It is a particularly happy period for the 200,000 coal miners who are out of work and for the cattle men who have come to the President begging for help so they can make a little money through a Government cattle stock-selling bureau—they say they have not made a cent of profit in six years. And the big packers are equally unhappy, and banks are continuing to fail—in Kansas City and Milwaukee two Government joint-stock land banks—and there has been a heavy drop in cotton and the Massachusetts textile industry is down and out; and the big oil-stock bubble in California has burst, revealing the swindling operations of some of the biggest business men in Los Angeles; and the American tariff is getting knocked all over the United States and at every conference at Europe though everybody knows that it is the basis of our prosperity; and the French are putting through a high tariff against us and the Germans are dumping stuff upon us and the European trusts are becoming international—why yes, these are happy days for Big Business. Very, very happy days.

In a Boston Insane Asylum

By POWERS HAPGOOD

Boston, August 24

THE following is an account of the facts leading up to my being imprisoned for twenty-four hours in the Psychopathic Hospital in Boston and what happened while I was there:

On Sunday, August 14, 1927, I attempted to address a mass meeting in Boston Common on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. After speaking about five minutes the police arrested me, broke up the crowd, and took me to the police station. An hour or so later I was bailed out on \$50 bail for appearance at court the following day. At the trial I was found guilty of "speaking without a permit" and sentenced to pay a \$20 fine. Rather than submit to a verdict of guilty when I felt I was right in speaking, I appealed the case to a superior court in September, announcing as I did so my intention of fighting for free speech.

Five hours later, while I was working in the office of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, at 256 Hanover Street, three police officers rearrested me because of the Sunday meeting, this time on a charge of "inciting to riot." My friends bailed me for \$500 and the next day at the trial I was found guilty of "inciting to riot" and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction. Arthur Garfield Hays, who defended me, made a splendid fight, bringing out the fact that there was no truth in the arresting officers' testimony that I called to the crowd to rescue me and to "fight the police and that the said Hapgood did unlawfully, riotously, and raucously beat, wound, and ill-treat, and other wrongs to the said McTierman (the sergeant who arrested me and filed the above complaint)."

I appealed from this sentence and am now under \$1,000 bail awaiting trial in September on the charge.

Saturday, August 20, I was again arrested, this time in company with about twenty others on a charge of "sauntering and loitering" for picketing the State House. At the trial the following Monday we were given the choice between pleading guilty and paying a fine of \$15 for each man and \$5 for each woman or pleading not guilty and appealing the case. We were told, however, that if we pleaded not guilty and appealed, an additional charge of "rioting" would be made against us. Four of us, John Dos Passos, Paxton Hibben, George Krasko, and I appealed and are now awaiting trial, the case having been continued until Friday.

Monday afternoon, August 22, I was again arrested for picketing the State House, this time in company with about ten others, including Dos Passos, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Lola Ridge, and Margaret Hatfield. While we were waiting for bail in our cells, three plain clothes men who are members of the State Police force took me out and rushed me, without giving me a chance to tell anyone, into an automobile and drove me to the Psychopathic Hospital. It was not until I was in the office of the hospital that I got a chance to examine the commitment papers; they were signed by Captain Bligh of the State Police, and offered as reason for my commitment the statement that I was in a "state of unusual excitement."

I was then told to undress, take a bath, and get into a bed in the ward which the attendants told me was "the same bed that Sacco had had when he was here four years ago." I insisted that the hospital authorities let me use the

telephone to let my friends know where I was, but they refused to allow me to do it or to do it themselves. Fortunately my friends on the outside found out about it and immediately attempted to have me released.

About 10 o'clock that night, just two hours before Sacco and Vanzetti were to die, one of the doctors asked me to come into his office and from then until 11:30 examined my mentality. He asked me how much seven times seven and eight times eight were, to subtract seven from one hundred, to repeat in my own words a story he told me. He also wanted to know all the characteristics of my father and mother, their parents, and family. I was also asked whether I thought God asked me to do what I am doing, whether I had received a "call," and when I laughed at that I was asked at length about my social and economic ideas.

At 11:30 I went to bed. I stayed awake until 1 o'clock, asking now and then for news about Sacco and Vanzetti, but I could not get any. At 5 o'clock they woke me out of a sound sleep and then I could not get to sleep again. With me in the ward were seven or eight patients, most of them out of their minds but not very noisy.

After breakfast I was called into the office again and given another complete physical and mental examination. In addition to the usual eye, heart, and lung tests, the doctors scratched my chest with a needle to see if I gave a normal reaction, tickled the soles of my feet, and gave me other tests to see if my reactions were normal or insane. Then I was again asked to repeat numbers, answer questions of multiplication, etc.

After about an hour I went back to bed, but when I wanted to lie down I was told by an attendant it was against the rules to stay in bed in the daytime. I immediately went to the office, protested at this rule, said that as long as I was confined I wanted to make use of the time for resting, and eventually got special permission to stay in bed while the other poor patients had to either stand or sit up.

After being in bed for about half an hour I was called out into the office where a psychologist gave me more tests.

About 1 o'clock I was asked to go upstairs, where a staff meeting with about forty people present was going on. Because my bathrobe had a low neck in front and I was to face the audience, the attendants insisted that I wear my bathrobe backwards, so that the collar did come up around my throat but so that the buttons were down the back.

Sitting beside the chairman on the platform, I was asked questions for some time about my economic and political views, why I felt the present situation unjust, whether I believed in force, whether I had ever been arrested before I came to Boston, the details of my being arrested in the coal fields, what I thought about the Sacco-Vanzetti case, what I thought about the recent bombing of the juror's home, and many other things. After the meeting I was privately questioned by two other alienists, who said they would report that my condition was normal.

About 3 o'clock word came that I was to be released and I was given my clothes. The hospital officials all assured me that never had a patient gotten out so quickly, the rule being that no one could be released in less than ten days. When I went down stairs I found Arthur Garfield Hays and other friends waiting for me. Mr. Hays had obtained a writ of habeas corpus for me but it was not necessary for him to use it because the authorities, after this unusual pressure had been brought to bear on them, released me. I was freed about 4 o'clock, the last picketing charge against me having been dropped, and I am now waiting trial for the other two cases. My friends expect to bring legal action against the State Police Captain to make an issue of such use of a psychopathic institution.

It is interesting to add that while I was detained at the hospital Mr. Hays, as my counsel, tried to see me and was not permitted to, nor were doctors who accompanied him for the purpose of examining me.

Massachusetts—Where Does She Stand?

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

What History Says

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In studying the history of Massachusetts we are compelled to conclude that she has, "legally" and by the position of her "best minds," in every stage of her history stood on the wrong social side; and that what we now try to acclaim in her as her integrity toward the historical right has been gained for her only by the few radicals who dared to stand against her till they were justified by the might of facts and so by popular approval.

The settlement: She enters the picture with an injustice to the original inhabitants of the land which has been dismissed without a conscience—for in that instance there was no protest strong enough to have weight. It was "Good night" for the poor Indian!

The colony: Her stand throughout the founding period was similar to that of any element trying to acquire dominance: i.e., an intolerance which stopped at neither exile nor death for those holding different opinions.

In the case of the hysteria over witchcraft (with a difference, but like the present hysteria of the extremists—the Boston

Transcripts, the Ralph Easleys, the Margaret Robinsons, etc.), to read the recantation of Chief Justice Sewall is to understand where Massachusetts stood in that issue, and it is not a pleasant prospect.

In the period leading to the political revolution, after some front put up against England for purely selfish purposes (by the merchants), with the Stamp Act repealed and no apparent grievance against England, Massachusetts was quite ready to go on as before, blind to the great social forces under way, viz., the change from feudal to commercial (democratic) determination. Almost alone Samuel Adams stood against Massachusetts till men of ability, John Adams, Josiah Quincy, and others again came to the front and gradually public opinion rallied to the radical against the conservative.

In the abolition movement: Massachusetts dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets with a rope around his neck. Only such radicals as Garrison, R. H. Dana, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, R. W. Emerson, Thoreau, Thomas W. Higginson, and the few other brave and intelligent men and women set up the front against the legal and moral position of Massachusetts.

In the Great War: The less said the better; we are so near it. But perhaps we can take the Boston *Transcript* as the

mouthpiece of where Massachusetts stood—and trust to history.

In the present issue: (a) The Sacco-Vanzetti case is in itself a question of the fair trial of two radical foreigners. (b) It has also given us a sign of the times. A great social change is in motion. Is the mass, hitherto neglected in history, coming into a place which means its domination as the social factor? Are life and the comforts of civilization to be for all or for the few? Is there something no longer adequate in the social form of capitalism?

Can we say again, as James Russell Lowell said:

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,
She thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world.

We believe history shows Massachusetts, in all her stand, up and including the present issue, in so far as her vested interests appear, to have been and to be impervious to social thought; and her integrity in this respect to have been saved only by those radicals who had and have social courage and intelligence enough to stand up till supported by historic facts.

Boston, August 21

ROBERT S. CHASE

Have Faith in Calvin T. Fullidge!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Well, the incredible has happened—but perhaps, after all, it is the credible, and it is we who are naively incredulous.

It is barely possible that the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti will some day come to light, with the confession of some of the five participants in the South Braintree crime. But it is unlikely. The entire machinery of government is set to vindicate the majesty and infallibility of its procedure, to suppress all possible evidence of a miscarriage of justice, and to keep truth crushed to earth.

In respectable Boston there is wide-spread, solid satisfaction. "We can again lift up our heads," writes Mrs. Amory Wigglesworth, to Governor Fuller. "You have restored our waning faith in American institutions," writes Mr. Larz Anderson of Brookline.

I find strangely applicable, though written seventy-five years ago, the words of one of the literary geniuses that flourished here before bicycle repair men became Governors under the Sacred Codfish:

Old Matthew Maule, in a word, was executed for the crime of witchcraft. He was one of the martyrs to that terrible delusion, which should teach us, among its other morals, that the influential classes, and those who take upon themselves to be the leaders of the people, are fully liable to all the passionate error that ever characterized the maddest mob.

Have faith in Massachusetts: Have faith in Calvin T. Fullidge!

Boston, August 23

G. E.

Mobilizing Public Opinion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To say that the case simply shows the slovenly condition of the Massachusetts criminal code—a condition so obviously improper that it has already been remedied in the matter of civil cases because suits involving money strike home to the New England consciousness more directly than cases involving life—all this is useful propaganda but it does not bear directly on the issue for which Sacco and Vanzetti have been seven-year martyrs. It is obvious to any thinking person that the flippancy

with which the State Supreme Court dismisses the fact of Judge Thayer's prejudice is an outrage to common sense and decency, however well it may be covered up in apparently legal citations. One gets the impression that these gentlemen find it humorous that neither Judge Thayer nor any of his colleagues had a right to decide on his prejudice.

The public has a right to form its own opinion on this matter, although that opinion cannot stay the electric current that kills the two men. If hope is lost, if the two must die, they will not have died in vain if a portion of public opinion is mobilized and stays mobilized. The fact that the State Supreme Court will not act is part of a chain of evidence, not legal but moral. The fact that the nation's Supreme Court cannot act, the fact that President Coolidge cannot intervene, the fact that the Department of Justice files cannot be opened, all these are links in a chain of evidence. Let people wake up to the fact that this impotence is our much advertised American justice. Both due process of law and the rights of free speech are more liberally interpreted in the majority of foreign countries than in our United States—so much so that the conservative opinion of all Europe is immeasurably shocked. Sacco and Vanzetti cry to us to mobilize for change.

Boston, August 21

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

A Humane Warden

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel sure that all your subscribers owe you a debt of gratitude for your clear and clean-cut articles on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. I herewith tender mine.

The action of Warden Hendry in allowing Vanzetti to greet his sister deserves to be commended—an act of common humanity we do not look for in a state prison. I hope *The Nation* will see fit to make mention of it. I have written the warden expressing my personal feelings. In closing, would say, I hope to read *The Nation* while life lasts.

Malden, Massachusetts, August 21 GEO. B. SUTHERLAND

A Call for Organization

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The will of those in power has been done and the lives of two men snuffed out, while those who believe in decency stood by and felt the shame of their impotence.

The tragedy is closed as far as the victims are concerned; they have paid the price for the apathy and weakness of those who call themselves progressive.

Is there nothing in these United States which can bind together into some sort of organization those men and women who stand for progress. Are we really so overwhelmed by the cynicism and indifference of our neighbors and the ruthlessness of our rulers that we must allow those impulses to perish which, in a previous, more hopeful time, we felt would give those who come after us a freer, fuller life.

New York, August 23

H. L.

A Note of Discord

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that your field for agitation has been to some extent curtailed by the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, I would suggest a certain new field as an outlet for your restless editors. Why not start an investigation to determine what amount of money has been spent during the last few years in the organized effort to nullify the procedure of the Massachusetts courts. In doing this don't forget to figure in the cost of the bomb that was exploded under the home of one of the jurors.

Boston, August 23

AUG. J. BOYDEN

In the Driftway

HIGH school students have been exploited before for the purpose of reducing their elders if not necessarily their betters to ribald laughter. Ordinarily the Drifter does not approve of such practices; he feels too keenly his lack of knowledge on all sorts of subjects, on some of which a high school student would be expert. But when a document like that printed below comes to his desk, he cannot resist it. As he understands these extracts they are a compendium of wisdom culled from the papers of a Los Angeles sophomore history class, after being exposed for a semester to James Harvey Robinson's "Medieval and Modern Times." With apologies to all high school students, therefore—

If Christ had not preached we would know nothing about Christianity but would be pagonists. He was a great healer but didn't have an education so he was helpless. Up to this time the people had been worshipping the Roman gods but they saw no sense in it and went through the motions because their fathers did. By the time of Boniface they wasn't any pagons left to blot out.

It was Leo's idea to have popes therefore he was the first pope. Charlemagne was the first emporor crowned by the pope and therefore started that habit.

The church was arranged with the priest in front and the quire on the sides, leaving the people to sit in the back. This seating was inconvenient because not everybody could see what was going on around them.

The monastic system was when people lived in monasteries. It trained them to be real men and women and not those tough people that just hang around. Everybody went to church but the heretics. Heretics are people that harp on something all the time and don't believe in God. They were torched by the inquisition. Being burned at the stake was the most severe punishment a person could get.

The medieval universities taught Aristotle, but he differed from the Christian religion. After his death it was found he had left many helpful hints to students. Roger Bacon didn't know or have any idea where the soul went after it left the body. He thought a great deal of Aristotle's books but his being a Christian and Aristotle's being a pagan didn't go over so big. He became famous for his fault-finding about Aristotle.

The church started a system called chivalry to make people more polite and religious. We need chivalry today. By chivalry I mean a man should always be polite to the weaker sex. They should not merely tolerate them but the little courtesies are what counts. If a lady gets into trouble and there is a gentelman involved and he can get out of it but not help her, in most cases he tries to save his own neck.

It was important when Gregory VII was pope. He was the pope that had the corruption with Henry IV. Henry was forced to humiliate himself by going round the pope's house for three days in his bear feet.

The Babylonian Captivity was when the popes moved their offices over into Avignon instead of having them in Rome.

Charles VIII led an army from France into Naples and brought back the Renaissance. When he was in Florence the people hooted at him because he was so ugly. This shows they were drifting from the church to the art of the Greeks.

The Protestant Reformation was when the Protestants broke away from the Catholic church and began to forgive their own sins. Luther said the whole Catholic Church

was a fake but Erasmus was just in favor of a good cleaning, but most of the people were beginning to think they could go to God without the pope's help. Some of the clergy revolted with Luther. They were on the inside and saw and heard about the dirty work.

When Luther nailed the ninety five theses he hit the church hard!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The American Woman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of August 3 Professor Huntington advanced an interesting theory to account for the seeming difference between the average woman of America and the average woman in the old world—that the early settlers of America, both men and women, were adventurous pioneers and, perhaps, this adventurous spirit in the women was a sex-linked trait which passed on to their female descendants. It is an interesting theory, but I wonder if facts can be found to support it.

Undoubtedly there were some adventurous spirits among the early settlers in New England, but is it certain that such was the case generally? A large proportion of the folks who came to America in colonial times, as I understand it, were indentured servants, and it seems hardly probable that they were adventurous spirits. Then there were the convicts that came to escape jail or the gallows—but probably they were adventurous.

And suppose the men among the New England colonists had the spirit of adventure strong in them, how much did the wives of these men have to say about whether they should stay in England or go to America? From my slight reading I do not get the impression that the Puritan woman was the head of the house.

If it is this inherited trait that today makes the difference between the American woman and the European, how does it happen that it did not operate in the South? The wife of the slave owner certainly did not exhibit any particular spirit of independence or desire to do for herself; neither did the wife of the poor white.

As a boy in central Illinois, I saw the people in the covered wagons travelling to cheaper farm lands in the West, but as I recall it they were rather slatternly looking as a rule, not at all adventurous in appearance. Some from our own community went West, but they were not the best we had. The strong men and women fought it out where they were.

It may be, of course, that Professor Huntington's theory is sound, but I wonder.

Chicago, August 1

WILLIAM H. HOLLY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Huntington says that our women are said to be bolder, less domestic, more ambitious, more dominating or less submissive, and more competent than those of the Old World. Unquestionably they are unique. He attributes these qualities to temperament. The description is probably apposite and his deduction is correct—so far as it goes. But it omits the major premise, which is that for three centuries the women of this continent have been a minority sex, a condition that is reversed everywhere in the Old World. A unique condition has produced a unique result.

My experience points to the conclusion that the difference between our women and others is mainly psychological. They have always been in a position to pick and choose among the males. If four or five of the surplus millions of women now in the Old World could be dumped down in the United States the temperament of the female sex in this country would probably be changed in a generation.

University of California, August 3

R. ESTCOURT

Books

Poems

By LOUISE BOGAN

Late

The cormorant still screams
Over cave and promontory—
Stony wings and bleak glory
Battle in your dreams.
Now sullen and deranged,
Not clearly, as a child,
You look upon the earth
And find it harrowed and wild.
Now only to mock
At the sterile cliff laid bare,
At the cold pure sky unchanged,
You look upon the rock,
You look upon the air.

Tears in Sleep

All night the cocks crew, under a moon like day,
And I, in the cage of sleep, on a stranger breast,
Shed tears, like a task not to be put away—
In the false light, false grief in my happy bed,
A labor of tears, held against joy's undoing.
I would not wake at your word. I had tears to say.
I caught at the bars of the dream, and they were said,
And pain's derisive hand had given me rest
From the night giving off flames, and the dark renewing.

The British and American Tariff

Safeguarding and Protection in Great Britain and the United States. By Francis W. Hirst. London: Richard Cobden-Sanderson.

MR. Hirst has been moved by the course of the Baldwin Government to frame, for British and American readers, a statement and criticism of the modern theory and practise of protection as illustrated by the scheme of "safeguarding" duties in England and the Fordney-McCumber tariff in this country. The story, as far as Great Britain is concerned, is one that may well be pondered by all who have been taught to believe that a parliamentary system insures a ministerial program corresponding to the views of that portion of the electorate by which a legislative majority is returned, or that a ministry which turns away from a popular mandate and follows one of its own devising is likely soon to go out of office.

In 1923 Mr. Baldwin, "encouraged by the trade repression, . . . came boldly into the open with a protective and preferential tariff as a cure for unemployment," and on that issue the Conservatives were emphatically rebuffed. In 1924, notwithstanding that the main issue in the election was opposition to Socialism and Communism, Mr. Baldwin's majority turned out to be composed mainly of protectionists, and with that advantage the principle of "safeguarding" duties, first brought forward in the Safeguarding of Industries Act of August, 1921, imposing protective duties on certain "key" industries professedly making war materials, and prohibiting dumping, "has been resurrected for the purpose of concealing from the public eye a new series of protective and preferential duties." There was this difference, however, between the earlier policy and

the later one. The original Safeguarding of Industries Act, as Mr. Churchill explained to the House of Commons on June 25, 1925, "proposed the safeguarding of industries by duties imposed from time to time against exceptional competition of particular countries," while the later policy although retaining the anti-dumping provisions, "proposed to give effect to the safeguarding policy by duties of a general character." The Baldwin Government, in other words, by speciously substituting safeguarding for protection, has contrived, without either political or moral mandate, to undermine free trade piecemeal.

Mr. Hirst does not stop with examining in detail the history of this new camouflaged protectionism. He goes on to point out that "every protectionist success since 1914 has been won with the assistance of war, waste or public extravagance," and that it is by this "unholy alliance" that British tariff reformers (a term which in England means the reverse of what it usually means here) hope to overthrow the historical free trade system. Having installed protection, Mr. Baldwin went further and on June 29, 1925, committed himself to the policy of bounties or subsidies, intended to give "that stimulus and lift in the region of those industries which seem at the moment beaten down into a position of hopelessness." How completely the combined policies of protection and subsidies have failed to make good the promise of economy appears in an increase of proposed expenditure from £790,000,000 in the budget of 1924 to £826,000,000 in that of 1926, "in spite of automatic savings in war pensions and the service of the debt, and in spite of the efforts of the committee appointed to effect economies in other services." Actually, as Mr. Hirst shows, the expenditure has been much greater. "In the financial year ending March 31, 1926, Mr. Churchill spent 26 millions more than his estimates, and his first budget showed a deficit of 14 millions. The estimated expenditure for his second budget (April 26, 1926) was 30 millions above the actual expenditure of Mr. Snowden's two years earlier."

The book is completed with chapters on the tariff situation in the United States, the effect of the American tariff on the payment of the war debts, and the tariff walls of Europe at which, last October, the international bankers directed their manifesto. Mr. Hirst is opposed to the principle of "capacity to pay" upon which the war debt settlements with the United States have been adjusted, as well as to the maintenance by the United States of high tariff taxes on the goods in which the debts must ultimately be paid. The book is a small arsenal of destructive ammunition against the protectionist stand-patters, and a forcible indictment of a tariff system which merits to the full the condemnation which the bankers pronounced upon it.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Biography of Buddha

The Life of Gotama the Buddha. Compiled exclusively from the Pali Canon. By E. H. Brewster. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$4.

The Life of Buddha as Legend and History. By Edward J. Thomas. Alfred A. Knopf. (The History of Civilization Series). \$5.

THE life of the Buddha, like that of Jesus, is preserved for us only in legend that cannot be substantiated by contemporary historical testimony. At the best, therefore, when we mention details in his history we must recognize that we are speaking of probabilities, not mathematically demonstrable certainties. Attempts have even been made, as again with Jesus, to show that he is only a myth, and, while these are now discredited, they are significant of the nature of the evidence we have concerning his existence. Most lives of the Buddha, therefore, are frankly compilations of legends, and the compilations vary according to the compiler's design, which may be to pre-

sent either all the stories that have been credited in Buddhist communities concerning his personality or only those accepted at a certain period and place.

Mr. Brewster's aim is the more limited. His line of reasoning is somewhat as follows. The oldest source books we have for Buddhism are those of the Pali canon, dating from about 250 B. C., but containing materials which in many cases come from the 6th century B. C.; in them we find the oldest legends of the Buddha; and these are therefore the legends most worthy of our consideration. Hence his excerpts are entirely from that version of the canon. Almost every proposition in his argument is open to dispute. It is true that the Pali canon is our oldest literary record of Buddhism, but it is not at all certain that it was "arranged" about 250 B. C. While this point may be one of not much interest to popular readers of books on the Buddha, they will certainly be concerned with the fact that there are legends not found in the Pali canon which, from the evidence of non-canonical works and sculpture, may reasonably be thought to have attained standing in the Buddhist community as early as did some of those appearing in the canon, and have been equally important in Buddhist hagiography. Mr. Brewster's book therefore gives an incomplete account of beliefs concerning the Buddha even for the period which it affects to cover. With this reservation the book is to be recommended. The selections, which are presented without commentary or apology, are with only a few exceptions happily rendered by our best translators and reveal the character of early Buddhist feeling for the great Teacher.

Mr. Thomas's book is of an entirely different sort, his method being critical, his aims apparently mixed. As the title itself indicates, he wishes to sift the historical from the legendary, and his efforts in this direction are probably about as successful as could be asked. In the second place he sifts and compares the legendary material, using both Pali texts and the Sanskrit and Tibetan, referring to non-canonical literature as well as the canonical. We could wish that his pen had been gifted with more facility of expression, for the net result of his labored discussions over points that are often minute and unimportant is frequently tedium and lack of clarity that will prevent the book from giving the lay public the intelligible account of the Buddha that should have been the object of a contributor to the History of Civilization Series. The fault is not merely one of diction or style. For example, Mr. Thomas frequently attaches much importance to the difference between "early" and "late" sources. In view of that fact we should have been given at the outset a statement of the different strata of Buddhist literature, even though the statement were not attended with discussion. We must sympathize with Mr. Thomas for avoiding the task, which would have carried him into uncharted seas, particularly with regard to the Vinaya and Sutta Pitakas of the Pali canon, yet without it much of his work is rudderless, and his conclusions can often hardly appear as more than the vagaries of subjective speculation.

A less clearly enunciated purpose seems to have been to discredit the theory of Christian Gospel borrowings from Buddhist sources. The theory gets frequent, sometimes irrelevant, mention in the earlier parts of the book, and toward the end a whole chapter with a corresponding section in the bibliography. It is obviously a theory of repugnance to Mr. Thomas, which he condemns roundly. Yet he does not seem to have given it the scientific consideration that it deserves from a responsible scholar. In his treatment of some of the parallels he seems, at least to this reviewer, to employ very dubious methods to refute the notion of a genetic relationship. To escape the possible conclusion that the Buddhist legend is the source of the Christian, Mr. Thomas goes to much effort to show it "late"—one version of it surely is not—and by referring to details in which variants disagree to make it appear no parallel at all.

The book remains in the final analysis lacking in inspiration, adding little, if anything, to our knowledge, never giving

a living picture of its subject, marred by subjectivity. In spite of occasional footnote references to works published since 1917, large sections of the book might have been written before that date. Let us hope other great religious teachers may get more adequate treatment in the series.

WILLIAM NORMAN BROWN

Really a Novel

Meanwhile. (The Picture of a Lady.) By H. G. Wells. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

MILADY, the Genteel Reader, sits down in her library to read a book. On the walls around her are shelved well-bound sets of unread classics—and near-classics: Voltaire and O. Henry, Balzac, Tolstoy, and Kipling, "The Memoirs of Royal Mistresses and Favorites," and Emerson and Henry van Dyke. With a proud glance at this well-bound cultural background Milady picks up a novel from the books on her table.

Does she read: "The disposition of the human mind to apprehend, to assent and then to disregard, to understand and yet flag and fail, before the bare thought of a translation into action . . ." or "This new world cult would have an infinitude of parts and aspects but it must never lose itself in its parts. It must be held together by a common confession and common repudiation. Its common basis must be firstly . . ." She does not! Milady does not read, does not even buy the books of Mr. Wells because her guide and gossip of the Sunday Supplement has informed her with just a shade of querulous condescension that the old, readable Wells, the pre-historic, popular Wells is no more. And Milady feels there is a limit somewhere. She will even buy fashionable histories of philosophy and religion, but not tracts. One must draw the line at tracts.

Mr. Wells is not an isolated phenomenon but an outstanding one. Others have deserted the field of fashionable fiction for the realm of ideas and have been roundly damned by impatient reviewers; but the amazing element in the position of Mr. Wells is that he should have so roused the ire of the lovers of house-maid literature while he has retained so much of the conventional novel. After all, the Lady Catherine in trying to supplement one illicit relationship with another affair does perch "on a lump of rock so high that her legs extended straight in front of her"; does it matter that Sempack declared "I am disposed to make myself relevant to the truth" when in the end "he drew her into a standing position and kissed her very seriously and thoroughly on the mouth"? Is the hero's fall from grace less typical of society romances because it is followed by an original idyl of married life in which the spontaneous biological attraction of two adolescents ripens into appreciative affection and intellectual comradeship.

The caviling criticism which would deny to Mr. Wells the quality of a novelist is as unfounded as it is unfair. He is still, in fact, producing "popular" fiction. There lies his virtue and his failing. He is still drawing active characters rather than living ones, still creating incidents rather than reporting developments, still achieving representative studies of contemporary life rather than rendering that life through the medium of art. That he is more concerned with the adventures born of conflicting ideas than with those brought about by clashing desires does not change his status at all. To say that he differs from the run of novelists is the height of irreflective absurdity. It is precisely in his likeness to authors whose superior he is as a thinker and an artist that Mr. Wells falls short of greatness.

"Meanwhile" is an interesting story, less the picture of a lady than the panorama of a period. It stands midway in the uneven achievements of the author but is immeasurably superior to the dull and inconsequential average of English fiction. In the problem of the Rylands Mr. Wells offers the challenge direct to the aristocracy of capitalism. Will they live as befits an aristocrat or will they continue living "like a suburban clerk in the seventh heaven of suburbanism"? And the question is

put without snobbery, without cant; there is no nonsense about "service" and *noblesse oblige*. The problem is wholly a matter of personal happiness and individual self-expression.

In clarifying this problem Mr. Wells interprets his time. It has been his peculiar virtue in the past to lean heavily on the staddle of observation as he tramped through the slough of human stupidity. In "Meanwhile," where the militant idiocies of our own day attack his intelligence, he does not hesitate to turn the stick into that stout English weapon, the quarter-staff, and lay about him vigorously. Fascism and "kosher liberalism," the neurotic patriotism of anglicized Armenians and the jejune religiosity of converted Roman Catholics, the voracious greed of capitalists and the docility of labor are all thoroughly whacked and many another foible is cracked by his incidental blows until contemporary civilization lies dizzy and bleeding at our feet. But the bugle does not sound taps. Mr. Wells, the optimistic evolutionist and popular novelist, permits no *dies irae*; he cannot see the utter defeat of Progress. Instead, a son is born, a program proclaimed. Milady, the Genteel Reader, can retain her faith in the future.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

Mumbo-Jumbo

Science, the False Messiah. By C. E. Ayres. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.

MR. Ayres has gone superstition-hunting at home. He knows very well that primitive ideas can be found more proximately than in Central Africa, and among neighbors closer in time than the age of paleolithic man. He has undertaken to explore the dominant current folklore, Science, to indicate its perilous powers, map its foolish pretensions, and expose the unsalubrious illusions upon which its priests and votaries have taught us to feed. The result is a brilliant and essentially sound if sometimes petulant and extravagant book. At the very least it may be said that this volume of less than three hundred large-type pages contains a greater number of germinative ideas than far more pretentious tomes that have hastily been called revolutionary. In some ways it is the most refreshing piece of intellectual emancipation since William Jones took philosophy out of the classroom and gave it a long breath of fresh air.

Mr. Ayres makes it easy for the reviewer and the reader by summarizing the essential content of his book in twenty-three "theses to be nailed to the laboratory door." The reader who merely turns to the back of the book to peruse these theses will miss a deal of wit and edge and erudition that have gone into their making. He will miss, too, a considerable number of petulant but entertaining grudges that Mr. Ayres voices against the following: scientists, pseudo-scientists, universities, university presidents, research foundations, suburban realtors, pious chemists, and weasel-wording philosophers. Both for entertainment and edification the book ought to be read through. (Mr. Ayres can popularize salutary heresies as vividly as others have of late vulgarized platitudes.) The guess is here submitted that it will be read by a large number.

It is to be hoped, however, that that large number will not be blinded by the dazzle of Mr. Ayre's sardonic paradoxes and prevented from noting the ideas of cardinal importance to which he is giving voice. The first of these is that science, except for a very small group of professionals, has become a current folklore, a magical and saving faith that rivals and threatens completely to anachronize the otiose Hebraic-Christian tradition to which many, including scientists, still pay lip service.

The second idea in order of importance is that the august Science which has become for the current secular believer the repository of noble Truth is the product of machines and machine technology, not the reverse. Scientific ideas arise out of mechanical inventions, mechanical conditions, and mechanical demands, and find their only verification in mechanical meas-

urement and the machine. The character of our era and the direction of our destiny are not in the deliberate hands of omnipotent Science, but in the inevitable course of a machine-involved civilization.

With these two ideas Mr. Ayres makes serious havoc of those tom-tom enthusiasms with which H. G. Wells and a thousand littler optimists of the current folklore look to the future. The supposed freedom which science gives us is in fact "the loosening of the bonds of order and belief by the Industrial Revolution." The old social and religious matrix of our lives is passing not because of what Newton and Darwin said but because of what machines are doing to the conditions of life. The factory, the tenement and the five-room bungalow on a suburban subdivision are killing Christianity far faster than the theory of evolution or the quantum theory in physics.

Mr. Ayres continues with gusto his examination of the havoc machines have brought upon the older ideological and social order, and threaten to bring still further. He notes with accurate contempt the endeavors socially conservative scientists have made to buttress a falling citadel of belief by a disingenuous use of the new language of science. He is convincingly scornful of the tidy little Utopians who think by "intelligent control" of the laws of nature they can provide a new and secular salvation.

This book will alarm another kind of Fundamentalist. It will offend the priesthood of the new Messianism of science which is growing among us. It will offend those scientific administrators who, Mr. Ayres plausibly suggests, in this age of experts may become controllers of society as inquisitorial and obnoxious as any sacerdotal caste in the past.

This book is recommended to anyone who thinks because he believes in "molecules and electrons, matter of heaven and earth and electrical energy its only form" that he is intelligent and free. Mr. Ayres wittily demonstrates that most of us intelligent men are talking Mumbo-Jumbo. If we keep it up, it may cease to be a joke.

IRWIN EDMAN

The "Makings" of Michael Collins

Michael Collins and the Making of a New Ireland. By Piaras Beaslai. Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. \$10.

THE author has himself said the best and the worst of this book when he declares with damning candor in the preface: "I aimed not at summing up my impressions in a vivid pen-picture, but at giving the greatest possible number of data for the reader to judge by." Those who look to it then for a living presentment of the human meteor that was Michael Collins will find but a collection of dry bones which Piaras Beaslai lacks the skill—or is it the courage?—to compose into a skeleton. Certainly he has not the genius to infuse them with life.

The value of the book lies in the information it gives concerning the Irish war that terminated in the victory of the Free State, and here Mr. Beaslai has kept the promise made to his readers. Those with imagination and some knowledge of the background are given the raw stuff from which to re-create the man who was soldier, statesman, financier, efficient office manager, and what might be called expert in individual friendship.

"Mick," says Dan Breen, "was the only member of G. H. Q. who stood by us consistently." "Us" included warders in English pay in Irish jails, spies similarly supported in Irish detective bureaus, shipping clerks in Europe and America, stokers on liners, farmers, fighters—every form of patriot, in short. Collins was as thorough an expert on every job as the most exacting captain of industry could require. He was as daring an adventurer as any writer of fiction could hope to conceive; as satisfactory an epoch-maker as any historian may ever hope to portray. He was the kind of a friend to have with one at one's death-bed. It is Mr. Beaslai's failure

that one has to see all this by inference, by the light of one's own burning desire to see.

An untried quantity in the Easter Week rising, Collins attained importance only after his release from Frongoch prison, where he reaped the reward of his revolutionary activities. We see him later arming, organizing, and strengthening the Volunteers or so-called I. R. A. He was once Commander-in-chief, Quartermaster, and Director of Intelligence. He broke down in a year a spy system by which the British had held Ireland subject for centuries, penetrating at midnight into the headquarters of the famous "G" Division to read the secret dossiers and laughing over his own. "He comes," it began, "of a brainy Cork family."

He was Minister of Home Affairs and Minister of Finance, and collected in Ireland over three hundred thousand pounds, though his advertising was killed, his leaflets removed from the letter boxes, his agents and his subscribers jailed. The only time he lost heart and objected to a job was when they sent him to London to help negotiate the Treaty. He thought De Valera should have gone, and said he went simply as a soldier taking orders he did not approve from a superior officer. The one note of bitterness from Collins that we hear is struck a propos of this. "The captain of a ship," said he, quoting De Valera's defensive description of himself, "who sent his crew to sea and tried to direct them from dry land." Those interested in Free State politics now, and in the attitude which De Valera as head of Fianna Fail takes in regard to the oath of allegiance to the king, should read the instructions which as "Captain" or "President" he issued to the men he insisted on calling plenipotentiaries.

Collins stood for "Bloody Sunday" because he had the moral courage and intelligence to decide on the only form of warfare that would get Ireland what it needed. And those who have benefited by this courage would like to see him "placed" properly in the long line of soldiers and statesmen who championed but failed to win the Irish case. One hopes that Mr. Beaslai's book will give, indeed, the data for someone capable of showing Collins as he must have been. Beaslai, his friend, must know much more than he has set down.

NORAH MEADE

Books in Brief

An Experiment with Time. By J. W. Dunne. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

It would be quite impossible for even the author to reduce his thesis to a simple statement. It is the daring speculation of a scientific mind, an expert in aeronautics who gets out of range of ordinary terrestrial comprehension. He begins with certain striking premonitions that occur to him in dreams; they convince him that what first he dreams he later experiences—yet rarely. To this chance he adds experiment, and anticipates the future in waking states, even guessing (now and then) what is in a book before he reads it. (The most remarkable of these previsions was spoiled by the after-memory that he had read the book before.) But Mr. Dunne is not disposed to accept the super-normal theories of "psychic researchers." On the contrary, he finds support in Einstein and relativity, making touch with H. G. Wells and Bergson on the way. His experience suggests a new theory of the universe called "serialism." Our separation of time into future and past, with a crossing at the present, is a limited way of conceiving what is; once transcending it, the possibility of seeing or dreaming things before they happen is within range. Occasionally, we can read time backward, take it literally by the forelock. It is all intricate, mysterious, but not mystic; it may be a vast illusion, this attempt to explain a psychic event (which perhaps isn't so at all and is really something else) by way of a reshaping of our views of time and space. It seems a strange approach, but it takes a

strong as well as strange intellect to make the proposal. It will hardly affect our relations to our space-bound and time-tyrannized existence, nor yet convince the skeptical that our psychic functions may give proof of a fourth or other foreign dimension.

Jefferson and the Embargo. By Louis Martin Sears. Duke University Press. \$4.

The Jeffersonian policy of embargo has always fared badly at the hands of historians and economists. New England's commerce was destroyed by a Southern President, the nineteenth century's system of economic philosophy was flouted by a theorist. Enough said! The embargo was a criminal blunder; Jefferson was an irresponsible crank. The present author approaches the subject with an open mind, determined to weigh all the elements of the problem on the sensitive balances of scientific scholarship. He finds that the policy was a logical outcome of Jefferson's own thinking, that, outside of New England, where the commercial classes and politicians united to defeat him, the President was generously supported, that the development of manufacture in the States afforded some compensation for the losses entailed, that the opening of the South American trade to the English merchants introduced an unanticipated element in the experiment, and, finally, that the policy was not maintained long enough to prove either its inutility or its efficiency. The author is of the opinion, however, that Jefferson made in the embargo an important contribution to the cause of international peace and that, if it had been persisted in, war with Great Britain might have been prevented at a cost much less than resulted from the appeal to arms. But in that case how compensate our writers of school histories for the loss of the glories of the War of 1812?

Further Dialogues of the Buddha. Translated from the Pali of the Majjhima Nikaya by Lord Chalmers. Oxford University Press. Two volumes (Sacred Books of the Buddhists, vols. 5 and 6). \$4.25 per volume.

Lord Chalmers, like Lord Ronaldshay, is one of those rare administrators in India who have united to executive ability an appreciation of Indian culture and the power to express it by literary means. Well might he be fascinated by the lore of the people he was ruling, for the Pali scriptures hold a delight that is at once the beauty of religious idea, the revelation of human feeling, and the gift of narrative. These two volumes are a translation of that portion of the Pali canon known as the Majjhima Nikaya, or collection of discourses (by the Buddha) of medium length. That the Buddha could not possibly have uttered all that is ascribed to him is a matter we need not pause over; there is a higher criticism of Buddhist sacred texts, as of Christian. What we have consists both of teachings by the Buddha and of accretions by his followers; how to unscramble the two is still a mystery too deep for scholars. It is sufficient that we find here in sermon form the ideas that are the heart of Buddhism—the Four Noble Truths, the Chain of Causation, the questions which tend not to edify, and many others. In this day, when the Buddhist scriptures are becoming increasingly available in adequate translations, there is no longer reason why anyone should speak of that faith without understanding and sympathy.

The Jewish Daily Bulletin Index. A Key to Contemporary Jewish History. Vol. 1, No. 1, January 1-December 31, 1925. The Jewish Daily Bulletin.

The Jewish Daily Bulletin daily sends out bulletins comprising cabled reports of Jewish events the world over. This index is the first effort on the part of a Jewish newspaper to make available a reference book on current Jewish events. It should be of value to students and editors, and seems to us to have been well done.

International Relations Section

The Movement of World Wealth

By SCOTT NEARING

PROFOUND changes have recently taken place in the relative economic positions of Europe, America, and Asia. The nature of these changes is suggested by the shift in the volume of wealth and of production.

When the modern imperial struggle was launched about 1870, there were four nations whose wealth was practically equal: Britain, with \$40,000,000,000; Germany, with \$38,000,000,000; France, with \$33,000,000,000, and the United States, with \$30,000,000,000. Next in order came Russia with \$13,000,000,000 and Spain with \$10,000,000,000. For most countries, no wealth data are available, but the four countries that headed the list were well in the lead as far as wealth was concerned, and were bunched rather closely together, with Britain at the head and the United States at the bottom of the list. (These figures appeared in the Bulletin of the National City Bank for December, 1924.)

Twenty years later, in 1890, the four wealth leaders of 1870 were still far in advance of the other nations, but they had changed places. At the head of the list was the United States, with \$65,000,000,000; Britain followed with \$53,000,000,000; then came Germany with \$49,000,000,000, and France was fourth, with \$43,000,000,000. The four were still bunched together, but the United States had moved from fourth to first place in twenty years.

Another twenty years passed. By 1912 the list had altered in two important respects. First, the four leaders in the wealth race were no longer alone. Russia had joined them with national wealth estimated at \$56,000,000,000 as compared with \$57,000,000,000 for France. Italy and Spain had both forged ahead, each with more than \$20,000,000,000. The wealth of India was estimated at \$20,000,000,000. Japan, Canada, and the Argentine had appeared on the horizon, each with wealth estimated at \$11,000,000,000. Australia had a wealth of \$8,000,000,000.

The other important alteration in the wealth position of the leading nations had to do with the relative status of the leaders. In 1890, the wealth of the United States, which stood number one, was only a little greater than that of Britain, which stood number two. But in 1912 the United States reported estimated wealth of \$186,000,000,000, while the wealth of Britain, \$79,000,000,000, was less than half that of the United States. The third nation, Germany, reported wealth of \$77,000,000,000, so that the wealth of the United States, in 1912, was equal to more than the wealth of the two other wealthiest nations in the world combined.

The wealth of the modern world was concentrated in Europe in 1870. With the exception of the United States, no other country could compare with the leading European wealth centers of that date, and even the United States was a poor fourth among the four wealthiest nations. Twenty years later the United States headed the list. Another twenty years and the United States was far in the lead.

Other American countries, such as Canada and the Argentine, had appeared as important figures in the wealth list. Furthermore, many of the Asiatic countries were

listed well up among the third-class wealth nations, while Russia had joined the first-rate nations.

These changes had already taken place before 1914. They mark the economic shift from Europe as the wealth center of the world to the Americas and Asia as wealth centers, one of them far outrivaling any of the European empires; the other challenging their undisputed supremacy. The war of 1914 speeded up these changes.

War losses were largely confined to Europe. Almost all of the fighting was done there. Other portions of the world turned out record quantities of supplies, sold them to Europe at record prices and thus profited on the European war crisis. While the European empires were burning up wealth—and each other—on eastern and western fronts, Americans and Asiatics were busily converting their war profits into capital—building blast furnaces and railroads, opening factories, and drilling oil wells.

In a very real sense, the Americas and Asia provided the European empires with the materials for their own destruction, and the European empires paid fancy prices to America and Asia for the suicide tools.

When the war was over, and the immediate losses were counted, Europe had ceased to be the world's wealth center. America had taken her place, and some of the leading Asiatic countries had made phenomenal gains in their wealth positions.

In 1922—at the end of the war—there was one first-rate wealth nation in the world; four second-class nations; seven third-class nations, and six or more fourth-class nations. Here are some of the figures:

FIRST CLASS	United States	\$321,000,000,000
SECOND CLASS	Britain	89,000,000,000
	France	68,000,000,000
	Germany	65,000,000,000
	Russia	55,000,000,000
THIRD CLASS	Spain	29,000,000,000
	Italy	26,000,000,000
	Poland	17,000,000,000
	China	25,000,000,000
	India	25,000,000,000
	Japan	20,000,000,000
	Canada	22,000,000,000
FOURTH CLASS	Brazil	13,000,000,000
	Argentine	13,000,000,000
	Cuba	8,000,000,000
	Mexico	8,000,000,000
	Australia	10,000,000,000
	Netherlands	8,000,000,000

The wealth of the one first-class nation, the United States, was equal in 1922 to that of all of the second-class nations combined, with a comfortable margin besides. The wealth of the United States was equal to that of all the third- and fourth-class nations combined, and half as much again. Thus by the end of the war one nation had become the unquestioned wealth leader of the world.

Further changes had occurred in the geographic distribution of the wealth leaders. Among the second-class nations all were European but one was Soviet and bidding for position in Asia. Of the third-class nations three were European, three were Asiatic, and one was American. Here is a basic geographic shift from the wealth supremacy of Europe which was so overwhelming in 1870. By 1922 this

European supremacy had disappeared. America had taken her place as the wealth center of the world, and in the East had appeared the rapidly rising wealth power of Asia.

This shift in wealth power follows, as a matter of course, the changes in production. In 1870, Asia, largely in a stage of village economy, produced meagerly and almost exclusively for use. The United States will still predominantly agricultural. Only in Europe had industrialization made notable headway. During the next half century, however, industrialization spread across the United States and invaded China, India, Mexico, Argentina, Canada.

Take, as an example, the production of coal, which is the major fuel of industry. In 1890 Great Britain and the United States were the leading coal producers of the world. Great Britain led with 184,000,000 tons; the United States followed with 143,000,000 tons; German production was 70,000,000 tons; French, 25,000,000 tons. Russia produced 6,000,000 tons of coal. Japan produced 2,600,000 tons. (*Statistical Abstract*, London, 1914, pp. 489-91.)

Between 1890 and 1913 coal production increased 75 per cent in Britain; 301 per cent in the United States; 483 per cent in Russia, and 823 per cent in Japan. At the outbreak of the war of 1914, the United States stood first in coal production; Britain stood second, and Germany third, but there was a great deal of production taking place in Asia.

Average coal production for the years 1909-1913 was 576,000,000 tons for the whole of Europe, 478,000,000 tons for America, and 49,000,000 for Asia. The figures for 1925 show 578,000,000 tons for Europe; 543,000,000 tons for America, and 80,000,000 tons for Asia. Europe had stood still in coal production; America had gone ahead by a small amount; production in Asia had increased by two-thirds. (*Monthly Circular*, Labor Research Dept., June, 1927.)

Similar changes have occurred in the production of pig iron. European production was less in 1926 than it was in the years immediately preceding the war. American production increased by 40 per cent. Asiatic iron production was seven times as great in 1926 as it was in the pre-war years 1909-1913.

Textile production provides another illustration of this shift in production power. The total of Europe's cotton spinning spindles was 99,500,000 in 1913. In 1925 the total was 102,900,000. In America the total was 34,300,000 spindles in 1913 and 42,100,000 in 1925. Thus Europe remained practically stationary, while America showed a gain of more than 20 per cent in her cotton spindles. But the spindles in Asia were 8,400,000 in 1913 and 17,500,000 in 1925. Here the increase was slightly more than 100 per cent (*Ibid.*, p. 133).

Here, in a few summary figures, is the economic background of those far-reaching changes that are now taking place in the centers of world wealth power. Fifty years have witnessed a complete transformation in world wealth relations. The wealth and production of Europe are relatively very much less important. The Americas are the world wealth center for the time being. But the movement across the Atlantic promises to continue across the Pacific as well, making that ocean the principal scene of world economic activity. On the Pacific live the vast majority of the world's people. Around the Pacific the struggle of the next economic and social epoch will evidently be waged. The Atlantic was the center of major world activity during the nineteenth century. In the opening years of the twentieth century the scene is rapidly shifting to the Pacific.

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